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FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

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Poetry.**REAL TROUBLE.**

BY BEATRICE BERRAIDE.

Tell me not, thou man of years,
Who art sighing o'er the past,
And lamenting, 'tween thy tears,
That thy life has flown so fast—
Tell me not that thou hast seen
Clouds and darkness o'er thy way;
For I know thy life has been
But a pleasant summer day.

Thou would'st live it o'er again,
Take the bitter with the sweet—
Never mind the grief and pain,
All the joy and bliss to meet;
Thou hast borne those most dear,
Yet they gave delight awhile;
Memory has for them a tear,
And affection's sweetest smile.

Those who sigh to end their days,
None to pity them, or praise,
Scarcely a friend to mark their birth;
Even though their days are few,
Count them long, as longest years,
None to them were ever true,
They've no smiles to mix with tears.

Miscellaneous.**The Colporteur.**

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Which way stranger?" said a rough looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Aint you the man that sells Bibles and such religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—may be do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur for such he was.

"He will as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of his Bible sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dogs on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So, take a friend's advice and let him alone. No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"O, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of her husband who is a very imp of Satan if the truth must be told."

"Like the blessed master," was replied to this "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world the bible is most needed at Jones'; and I am bound to place one there."

"O very well. Follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your shoulder. So good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-lunged gate and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend the colporteur was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones, the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breath of a thousand flowers mingled their fragrance on the air; and even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrink in his heart. He was not in the terror of the lions that crouched on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"What's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he—"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to speak to your husband. Mr. Jones I believe is his name?"

"Yes sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir, answered the woman, timidly; but I know who you are—You go round selling good books, and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur seriously yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a bible?"

"No sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost, but I always thought he carried it away or threw it in the fire. He won't talk to you sir. He won't have you to look. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O! sir, I wish you would go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"To church?" The woman looked surprised at the question.

"Dear sakes no! I haven't been inside a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard any one else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book towards his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman.

"He's always said he'd kick the first Bible pedler out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes. Do, please go away. If I had any money I'd take the bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But for all this the colporteur sat unmoved.

As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverent voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ears.

When the colporteur finished the chapter he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant, a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"What's he exclaiming in a harsh voice. What's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The fearful wife stopped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go before I throw you into the road!" and the strong man, every iron muscle tense, and anger, stood towering over the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat! His mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

Low, yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no thought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but resting in a divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self confidence was this spoken; else it would have fallen on the ears of that evil minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me?" Go now—go before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was still, now, save the low eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read the Holy book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half paralyzed with fear in a distant part of the room, whether an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to her husband's side, and bending her head even as his was bent, listened, with an arm clamped around his neck, to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strange these words sounded! They seemed spoken as if from heaven above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the amen was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place? The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this bible?" said he rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will, sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own book in which He speaks of His erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down and silently if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children—'Our Father who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again—Shall I call and see you?"

"O, yes, do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" The stranger stood with uplifted hands and bowed head reverently for a moment. Then turning away, he passed from the door, and in a few moments was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O sir, we can never be done reading the good book; it seems sometimes, as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me, many times, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children or Daniel in the den of lions. Often, when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, have I stopped my work and sat down among them with the bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories. O, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, maybe, for hours. And Richard, too, glanced towards his husband, who smiled, and she went on. 'And Richard too, I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near as often as he used to be. O yes, indeed, sir; it is true. A bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates.'"

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work."

But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were has fallen. God's rain and dew, and sunshine are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose, he went on his way.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

The Spirit and Power of the Turks.

The following article, from the New York Family Courier, will be read with interest at this time:

It has been taken for granted through all the negotiations upon the Russo-Turkish question, and the comments of most of the English and French press thereupon, that Turkey has no character or will of her own.

The Four Powers have treated her as a dependent that must return obedience for protection. The proposition of Russia was the leading idea of the framers of the Vienna note; and after its transmission, it was St. Petersburg and not Constantinople, to which the anxious eyes of all Europe were turned.

The Czar accepted the note, and on all hands there was exultation that the matter was settled. But suddenly word came that the Sultan took exception to certain portions of the agreement. It was at first doubted whether it was possible, he could be so impertinent, but when the fact became too palpable, his objections were ridiculed as quibbling puerilities, and he himself was roundly scolded by the "four estates" for taking such important airs.

The reasons which influenced the Sultan were put forth in a manifesto of great ability; but these reasons were laughed at as founded upon an absurd misinterpretation of the meaning of the note. There was quite a show of resentment that the Sultan should thus call in question the judgment of the note-framers. But lo! a dispatch soon came from St. Petersburg that the Czar had accepted the note in just the sense in which the Sultan understood it, and that he would take no other phraseology. Taken aback here, the Four Powers have since been endeavoring to intimidate the Sultan in an acceptance of the note, by threats of desertion and appeals to his fears, but thus far entirely in vain.

Turkey has probably before this time unfurled the banner of the prophet and charged home upon their invaders.

It is an egregious mistake to suppose that the races and tribes which make up the Turkish nation are either degenerate or effeminate. We have been among them, we have seen them; we know them. There is not in all Europe or in Western Asia a people capable of wearing such desperate a warfare.

They are strong and hardy in body, and are skilful in the use of weapons. Their religious fanaticism is easily excited, and when once fairly aroused, it knows no bounds. In a war they deem sacred, they rush to a bloody death as the surest road to Paradise. Thus their Koran teaches, and with them faith is no idle word—it is fate. This very Russia, at whose name all Europe trembles, they have before met alone and single-handed. Through the whole of the last century the possession of Turkey was the constant object of Russian ambition, but yet in spite of several wars that object was not gained. From 1808 to 1812 the Muscovites, sometimes bringing two hundred thousand men into the field, fought the Turks, but gained little. At Roudschouk they

sustained one of the worst defeats of modern times, so that not without reason did the Turkish General write to the Sultan that he had "taken enough infidel heads to make a bridge for the souls of the faithful from Earth to Heaven." From 1825 to 1828, Turkey held out against the efforts of all the principal powers in favor of the Greeks, and in the last year conducted two campaigns against the Russians without aid from any quarter. The very fact that the Turkish race penetrated from the deserts of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, and that it established in Europe an Empire which has endured for four centuries—four centuries this very year—in spite of attacks again and again repeated by the two strongest of the military powers of Europe, shows an inherent vigor of no ordinary kind.

"And Turkey now is not in her decline," exclaims Lord Palmerston, not long since, in the House of Commons, "with her fear of contradiction, that Turkey, so far from having gone back, within the last thirty years, has made greater progress and improvement, in every possible way, than perhaps was ever made by any other country during the same period." With the advancing civilization of the Turks, their military skill and military resources have increased; and yet their temper has not become so softened by civilization, that it will not, when provoked, exhibit all its original fierceness. True, their religious spirit is not what it once was; it has lost its proselyting zeal, it wages no wars of conquest; but it lives; it feels; it can be goaded to madness; it can fight to the last extremity. Turkey is yet able to repeat the deeds of the Osmanli. And it must be remembered, too, that she has allies in all the Mohammedans of Western Asia and Northern Africa—who far exceed in their aggregate even the multitudinous hordes of the Muscovite empire. From Tunis, Egypt, Syria and Persia—from the sands of Libya to the snows of the Caucasus—contingents are already on the march for the scene of strife.

We believe that a war between Turkey and Russia is inevitable, and such has been our unvarying conviction from the outset. The Four Powers may side with Turkey or they may desert her—it matters not, the war will speedily come. Russia may muster an over-whelming force, may make a demonstration which it would seem madness to resist—it matters not, the Turks will fight, and fight desperately. The Sultan, surrounded as he is by the representatives of Western Europe now "beseching," and now "blessing